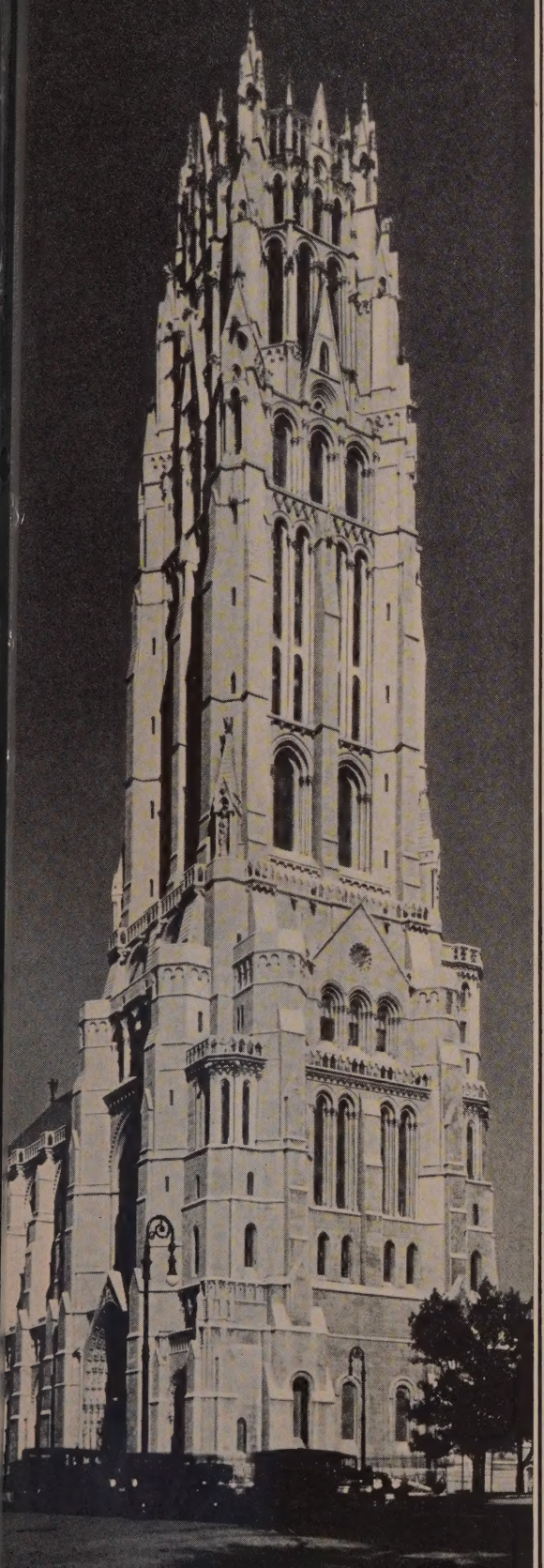

The Church Monthly

MARCH, 1935

Every Man a Gambler

Returning Home With Honors

The Current Expense Budget

A Newcomer to the Benevolence Budget

PUBLISHED BY THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH, NEW YORK

The Church Monthly

VOLUME 9 *March, 1935* NUMBER 5

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ARCHITECTURE, SYMBOLISM, PULPIT, PEW, CHURCH, SCHOOL—ALL THAT IS THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH FINDS SIGNIFICANCE AND PROMISE FOR THE FUTURE IN THE SUPPORT YOU GIVE.

Every Man a Gambler

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Thoughtful observers of man's moral conduct have always been concerned over the dangers of gambling. Indeed, would not all of us agree that to have ingrained in one's thinking and dominant in one's living the idea that by lucky chance we may succeed some day in getting something for nothing is about as disastrous to moral integrity as any evil that can beset a man?

Nevertheless, when all that is granted, it still remains true that every man is a gambler. Whatever achievement we seek, we have to hazard our lives on something or other. Columbus discovered this continent because he staked his life on the idea that the earth is round. Washington founded the nation because he hazarded his life on the possibility of our independence. Lincoln saved us by risking his career on the preservation of the union. And every ordinary son of man wagers his effort on some uncertainty every day he lives. Here is a strange, intriguing aspect of human existence. Life is not simply a game of chance; it is much more than that; but one cannot understand it at all without taking into account this element of hazard. We are gamblers, all of us.

Consider as an illustration even the scene on Calvary. At the foot of the cross the soldiers, not wanting to divide the unseamed garment of our Lord, are gambling for it. But as they cast their dice for his garment see what the Christ himself is doing on the cross. Studdert Kennedy, a British chaplain in the Great War, put it plainly:

> And sitting down they watched Him there,
> The Soldiers did.
> There, while they played with dice,
> He made His sacrifice,
> And died upon the Cross to rid
> God's world of sin.
> He was a gambler too,
> My Christ,
> He took His life and threw
> It for a world redeemed.
> And ere His agony was done
> Before the westering sun went down,
> Crowning that day with its crimson crown,
> He knew
> That He had won.

Well, I hope he did, but this is certain: what those lines vividly state is everlastingly true about the Master. There is no understanding him without that. There was gambling that day not only at the foot of the cross but on it:

> He took His life and threw
> It for a world redeemed.

One major value of the calendar is that it jolts us out of ruts and, as special days come round, forces us to think of special aspects of our experience. So New Year's comes again and plainly presents to us this fact of hazard. What is going to happen to us this next year we do not know. What will come to those we love or on what good or evil fortune the causes will fall that we care most about, how can we tell? "Behold," wrote Paul, "I go . . . unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there." That is our case too at the New Year's time and as we thus move

out into the unknown, inevitably staking our lives on something or other amid the uncertainty, we are gamblers, all of us.

Indeed, alike our characters and our careers are largely determined by the things on which we wager our lives. When Thackeray the novelist was a young boy, his schoolmaster used to say to him, "Thackeray, Thackeray, you are an idle, profligate, shuffling boy," but sometime in his youth this unpromising lad must have begun thinking within himself, "I bet my life I can write a novel." How else could we have had *Henry Esmond* and *Vanity Fair?* Every boy is a gambler when he chooses a vocation. He must stake his life on it.

This might not be so, if life had only two tenses. If we had a past and a present only, we might learn all about the past and adequately assay the present, and so live in certainty. But our lives are three-dimensional. They have a future tense. Life is a continuous adventure into the unforeseen and the unforeseeable. If, therefore, one would get at the creative core of a man, one must find out, if one can, on what ideas and ideals, what aims and purposes, what manner and philosophy of living he is hazarding his life.

In endeavoring to get at the spiritual meaning of this factor in experience, consider for one thing that much of the thrill and interest of life rises at this very point. Granted that the necessity of hazarding life in the midst of uncertainties grows wearisome. We become tired of our unknown tomorrows, cry not for excitement but for safety, crave above all else release from life's risks into its securities. Mark Twain said once that a prudent weather man prophesying what was likely to happen in New England would say something like this: "Probably northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward, and points between, high and low barometer swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning. . . . Postscript: But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime." Life sometimes is as full of vicissitudes as that. One thinks of some of you this New Year's time, wishing how earnestly that the weather of your lives would settle down into something dependable!

Yet when we picture life with its risk and hazard gone and everything reduced to a dead certainty, that would be intolerable. Then we should know all that would happen to us and to our loved ones and to the world this coming year and the next year and the year after that, until we died. How unendurable that would be—life a lead-pencil sketch handed to us from now to the end and we, knowing everything in advance, merely inking it in! Should we find ourselves in such a world, we would cry for our old uncertainties. God, we should pray, Let us risk it again; it was better so!

Indeed, when we think not of ourselves and our occasional and natural weariness of hazard but of other lives which must have stimulated and inspired us, we know that the supremely significant portion of the human record lies in this realm we are talking of. What a gambler a man like Sir Wilfred Grenfell has been, taking his life with its native ability and medical skill and betting it on Labrador! Those who play the races say that gambling is exciting. I suspect it is. I do not know it in

that form. But in the great traditions of the race, from Abraham going out from Ur of the Chaldees toward a land he knew not of, to friends of mine who have staked their lives on some cause they cared about and backed its winning with their sacrifice, the zest and significance of living lie in our capacity to hazard ourselves for something in which we verily believe.

Why is it indeed that ethically serious people feel so deeply the moral peril in what ordinarily is called gambling? We know that gambling on the Stock Exchange is a public menace of the first order and that in this renaissance of lotteries, tempting people to trust to chance to get something for nothing, no good is involved for personal or social character. The reasons for this conviction could be variously stated, but this is one of them: such gambling is an ignoble burlesque of one of the noblest faculties of human character. There on Calvary you see it pictured. Nothing worth while was to be expected from those soldiers casting dice for the undivided garment of our Lord. One sympathizes with them a little. They got a momentary breeze of interest out of gaming to relieve the monotony of their dull and vulgar lives. But then one lifts one's eyes to the figure on the cross and sees to what great heights this capacity of man's can rise to face hazards, take risks, yes, with profoundest reverence one says it, to wager one's life on one's faith.

At any rate, this New Year's time, I lay this matter on our consciences. You never expected, it may be, to hear a Christian minister plead with you in favor of high stakes for great winnings in the world's most important and most exciting game, but I never was more in earnest in my ministry. As we go out into this new year, we are wagering our lives on something, good or bad, high or low. We are of kin either to the soldiers at the foot of the cross or to the Christ upon it. And what it is we are staking our lives upon will be our making or our ruin.

Consider further that this aspect of life is not only morally important but intellectually serious. Some here with scientific minds may have shrunk from our emphasis on hazard, risk, uncertainty, and may have been thinking, No, knowledge is basic, the truths we can demonstrate and be sure about are our great assets; to extend that realm of exact and provable information is the major aim of life and the glory of the race.

Well, no one here will minimize the profound importance of scientific knowledge. When we consider the evils which even our recent forefathers took for granted and see how free we are from some of their dreads and hazards, we could sing anthems to the praise of knowledge. On sites where our American Revolutionary armies camped it is said that men still dig up flattened bullets. Alas, those bullets were flattened by the teeth of Revolutionary soldiers who, undergoing major operations without anesthetics, were given bullets to chew amid their excruciating pain. Take the measure of a simple fact like that and then of the manifold facts of which that is representative, and we will indeed thank God for demonstrable, scientific knowledge.

Yet, after all that is granted, our truth holds good and for this reason: our knowledge has limits, not temporarily but permanently; not accidentally but necessarily. That is to say, whatever life knows, life essentially is and always must be adventure into the

unknown, where the chief value of knowledge is not that it makes everything certain, which it can never do, but that it constitutes the frontier, backed by vast resources, from which our hazardous expeditions into the unforeseen and unforseeable may set out.

Every man who ever fell in love and married must know that. Push knowledge of your desired companion to the limit of its possibilities. Let everything that provable science and authenticated information can contribute to your understanding of her and of her family be gathered. Yet all that is only a frontier. Then you must venture. "Marriage is a lottery," runs the old saw. Indeed it is. In marriage as in every vitally important act of life, whatever knowledge we can get, valuable as it may be, is but a springboard from which we plunge. And the knowledge without the plunge never yet got a man married.

This essential failure and futility of what we know save as it is used as a basis on which, shall I say? to gamble about something we do not know, is of the very stuff of life. The scientists would say this about science itself. No gaming house in the world, not Monte Carlo even, can match the scientific laboratory in the sheer fascination of its gambling. For that is the proper business of a laboratory, to hazard one hypothesis after another, to wager patient toil on this idea and then on that, until one wins. Such is the exciting process of discovery—every acquisition of knowledge a frontier from which a new venture may hopefully set out. So, because great minds have been willing to stake everything they had on that process, the world, which, in Professor Whitehead's memorable phrase, was once "an uninterpreted swamp, pestilential with mystery and magic," has become to us a law-abiding universe.

This, I take it, is the reason why faith is an essential part of the intellectual apparatus of mankind. Faith is unintellectual only when, degraded, it becomes credulity. In its genuine form faith is an indispensable part of the intellectual process. For in every area of our lives we stand on frontiers—what we know behind us, what we do not know ahead of us, our present knowledge valuable chiefly because it enables us wisely to make the next venture, our venture necessary if we ever are to know anything more. So faith is of the essence of knowledge, and if one asks, then, what faith is, I answer, it is our capacity, standing on a frontier, to hazard our lives on something as we move out into the unforeseen.

We do that in our thinking and there could be no progress in thinking without it. We do that in our practical living, from choosing a vocation to the simplest operations of our daily business. We do that in our personal relationships when we make a friend and in our social attitudes when we wager our best efforts that war may cease or that a more decent economic life may be attained. Too commonly we speak as though some people had faith and others lacked it. That is absurd. Everybody exercises faith every hour of every day. It is impossible to live at all or to learn anything without it. We are creatures who live on frontiers.

So powerful is faith thus understood that one wishes we had more of it in our religion, where the word "faith" is so common and the reality of faith so rare. How many people, when they think of Christian faith, think of a creed? Now, the trouble with a creed is

not simply that so inevitably it becomes an agency of regimentation in the church, a Procrustean bed on which those who seem too short are stretched out and those who seem too long are sawed off; the deeper trouble is that a creed makes Christianity seem finished, its ideas set, its propositions concluded, and so makes faith in Christ seem consent, often dull and tame consent, to a static formula. My soul! What would the men of the New Testament think of that? For in the New Testament the center of the Christian gospel is not a creed but a cross. That is another matter altogether. The cross is the supremely influential example in all history of the hazarding of life on a great faith in God and a great hope for man. For Christianity also lives on a frontier—what has been thought and done behind us, what is to be thought and done ahead of us, and the call out for volunteers to take up the cross; that is, to stake their lives on something and follow Christ.

> He was a gambler too,
> My Christ,
> He took His life and threw
> It for a world redeemed.

Well, the word "faith" is the common stock of the Christian vocabulary. What could we not do if we had more of the genuine article?

Left at this point, however, our truth might still be misunderstood. Some souls here, already sufficiently battered by the shocks of fate and bewildered by its uncertainties before they came in, might go out all the more confused, thinking that even the preacher says, Life is a gamble. Consider, then, this final and strange matter. It is in this very realm, where we have been using words like "risk" and "hazard," "gamble" and "wager," that, as a matter of fact, our most profound and moving assurances lie. That is a strange aspect of our experience. Paul is like all the rest of us at New Year's time, as he goes up to Jerusalem not knowing what will befall him there. But if one of us could have said to Paul as he started out, Life is a gamble, isn't it? the apostle's answer would have been marked by no wavering uncertainty. To be sure life is a gamble but, of all the things Paul was most sure about, nothing compared with the ideas and ideals, the faiths and hopes on which he was betting his life.

As we move out into a new year, I crave for our souls that kind of assurance. Nor is there any reason why we should lack it. In the deep and central matters of faith and conduct a man need not, as they say, bet on the wrong horse.

If some one says that our prevision of the future is very dim, that is true. In 1851 a sympathetic philanthropist left a fund in perpetuity as the articles of incorporation say, "for worthy and distressed travelers and emigrants passing through St. Louis to settle for a home in the West." What to do with that fund now is a lawyers' question. And much of our prevision of the future may be as fallible as that. If some one says that the mysteries of this universe are too profound for our understanding, that is true. Some mysteries are like Mount Everest. They never have been climbed but they may be. Some, however, are so high that we know well that our human minds not only never have ascended them but never can. Yet, even in a world with mystery too steep for our ascending and a future too opaque for our previsioning, we do not need, in the vital matters of life, to bet on the wrong horse.

It would be an informal kind of creed at New Year's time, but it would be much more vital than most creeds are, if a man should say something like this:

I bet my life on honesty and truthfulness and decency, and not on their opposites. I bet my life on a high standard of monogamous family love and not on promiscuity. I wager my life on goodwill, not illwill, on generosity, not selfishness, on undiscourageable faith in a better world, not cynicism. I bet my life we can stop war and build an economic order where all the children of the common people shall have a decent chance of livelihood.

I stake my life on Christ, that every detour by which man tries to escape his principles can only lead back to him again as the way, the truth, the life. Already one historian has said about Napoleon Bonaparte that, though for years he bestrode Europe, shuffled national boundary lines, made and unmade kings and princes and left millions slaughtered in his wake, the whole "Napoleonic episode" was an "enormous irrelevance." But they never will successfully say that about Christ, though he was born in a manger and slain on a cross. I'll bet my life on that.

I wager my life on God. To be sure, I know how deep the problem runs and how little a way our plummets reach into its profundities. But this is clear. Here and now before our eyes there are two aspects of our experience. On the one side the physical, things we can see and touch, weigh and measure; on the other side the spiritual, the love of beauty, goodness, truth. On the one side the visible stars; on the other side invisible minds that can measure their distances and weave them into a law-abiding order. On the one side a pen to write with; on the other side this amazing reality, a spirit that could need a pen and with it write, "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal." On the one side a cross of wood, on the other a soul who could die there as the Master did. Two aspects of our world are thus before us, with the materialist betting his life that in the last analysis only the physical is creative and real and all the rest mere accident and fortuity. Well, I stake my life upon the other proposition: not matter—if, indeed, in view of the new physics we can be sure what such a word would mean—but spirit, that uses matter, is the truly indicative element in our experience, pointing toward Spirit as the source and goal of all. On that, humbly but confidently, I bet my life.

Well, that kind of statement would be a real creed, and I appeal to your best conscience that in your highest hours you know that a man who thus wagers his life is not betting on the wrong horse.

How one wishes one could be sure that this would come through to some conscience here! Friend, you cannot stay neutral. You cannot move out into this new year staking your life on nothing. You may say that you will not make up your mind but you cannot help making up your life. You may hold your opinions in suspense but you cannot hold your character in suspense. That gets made up one way or another and it gets made up because, willy-nilly, deep in the creative centers of your spirit you stake your life on something. I plead for high stakes on great issues and, above all, for some youth here who will take his life and throw it for a world redeemed.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon on December 30, 1934.

▽ ▽ ▽

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Spirit of the Most High, Who inhabitest eternity but dwellest also with him that is of an humble and a contrite heart, make our spirits Thy sanctuary. In vain do outward temples rise if our hearts be not Thy temple. In vain does outward praise ascend if we within ourselves are not carried out of ourselves by something greater than ourselves, to which we give ourselves. Kindle Thou the flame of sincere worship upon the inward altars of our hearts, and let it spread from soul to soul until we are a kindled company of worshipers. Gather us together upon the loftier altitudes of our lives. Grant that going from this place together, we may know that when a company gathers in the spirit of the Highest, there is the Highest in the midst.

Especially we pray for honest eyes able to perceive reality where it is most difficult to see it, within ourselves. Give us the grace to be honest with ourselves about our sins. We are adept at discovering the mistakes of others; give us eyes to see our own, honestly to face them, deeply to hate them, courageously to turn from them, and by Thy grace to be recovered out of them. Grant that we may not see today the mote in our brother's eye and miss the beam in our own.

As thus we pray, our hearts reach out for a deeper faith to see beyond our sins into our possibilities. Save some downcast heart today from a low estimate of himself. Lift us up from our discouragements about ourselves. Blaze some trails, we pray Thee, from where we are to where we ought to be, and give us good hope concerning the highroads that lead toward our better selves. May some great recovery come to downcast and disappointed souls because fresh vision has arisen in them of their possibilities.

We gather up in the arms of our intercession the whole company of mankind, strange passengers upon this wandering island in the sky. Help us to think of all the race with a planetary mind. Across all boundaries of prejudice, beyond all barriers of race and color, may we here perform an act of generous and all-including goodwill toward all mankind.

We beseech Thee for every one who worships, by whatever name he calls Thee, in whatever conventicle he meets to seek Thee, in mosque or temple, in synagogue or church. O God, we are very small of mind and sectarian in spirit but Thou art not, and down many a strange ladder lifted by some needy soul dost Thou continually come to bless the spirits of Thy needy children.

Especially we beseech Thee for all who approach Thee in the name of Christ. When we think of him, we are alike ashamed and elevated—ashamed because we, his representatives, are so unworthy of him; elevated because there is none like him in whose face we see the light of the knowledge of Thy glory. Spread his spirit. Kindle it in the souls of men everywhere. Carry it out into all the relationships of men and make this at last to be his world. In his spirit we ask it. Amen.

PERTINENT FAC

MAR 17 1935

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THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

CHURCH SUPPORT AND

MAY 6 1934

This number identifies you to the Business Office.

THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

JUL 8 1934

This number identifies you to the Business Office.

THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

CHURCH SUPPORT AND / OR BENEVOL

OCT 14 1934

This number identifies you to the Business Office.

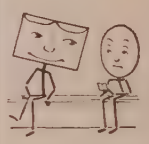
THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

CHURCH SUPPORT AND / OR BENEVOLENCE PAYMENT

BENEVOLENCE BUDGET CONTRIBUTIONS

For Missions	50%
Boys, Girls and the Aged	17%
Program Riverside Church Groups	6%
Students	4%
Relief and emergency	3%
Community Agencies	11%

Mr. P



Glad to see you here again.

THIS is t
Mr.
ing. He lean
here again."
"Oh, I
weather," re
sive, in spit
"Good
always here,

Mr. Casual Gift thereupon sat u
whether to share his hymnal with Mr.
ting yourself on the back because
from time to time, it's true, but I

And Mr. Casual Gift felt
fairly well. But Mr. Pledge volun-
might not amount to the same at

"Well," replied Mr. Casual
"no use of my being here if the

This was too much for Mr.
the hymn he cried, "But if you
ness feel sure it will be supported? N
the Business whether he is here or ne
for the ministry; another in Japan, pr
girl in a local hospital; all our friend
come for the services. They know I'
know I've given my word. *They can e*

So saying, Mr Pledge looked at
"Amen." And Mr. Casual Gift was
went out of the church he even forgo
"friendly hour"

THE STAFF OF THE CHURCH

Full Time

The Ministers and Church Staff
Secretarial and Office Help
Building and Operating Labor

Part Time

Church Singers
Choir
Ushers/Janitors

WE ARE PROUD OF THIS

148 members maintained their place during the period

480 each maintained their place, after a drop in 1932

or this last year gave more than in the preceding year

We note more can join by confession

INTERESTING FACTS

Among the people who were members of the Riverside Church at the end of December 1933, we find 48 different denominations represented, grouped as follows:

Baptist	385	Community	21
Presbyterian, U.S.A.	369	Lutheran	16
Methodist Episcopal	210	Christian	15
Congregational	172	United	
Protestant Episcopal	86	Roman Catholic	14
Reformed	85	Unitarian	13

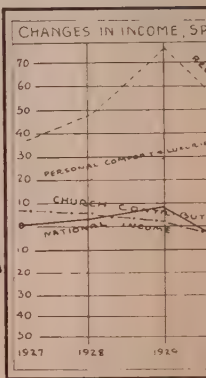
Interest on Bonds of Liberty Bonds

Interest from Share
On Investments
Income from Mortgages,
Rents,

Interest in pledges from
Congregation to Balance
Church Current Budget

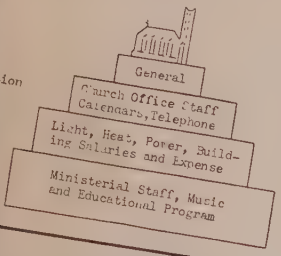
Total Expenses

CHANGES IN INCOME, SP



S AND FIGURES

THE CHURCH SUPPORT BUDGET


General
Church Office Staff Calendars, Telephone
Light, Heat, Power, Building Salaries and Expense
Ministerial Staff, Music and Educational Program

ration $14,915.00
nce 37,705.00
81,340.00
87,040.00

APR 28 1935

This number identifies you to the Business Office.

APR 21 1935

THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

CHURCH SUPPORT

AUG 26 1934

THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH

AND / OR BENEVOLENCE PAYMENT

DEC 2 1934

The Church Monthly

FEBRUARY, 1935

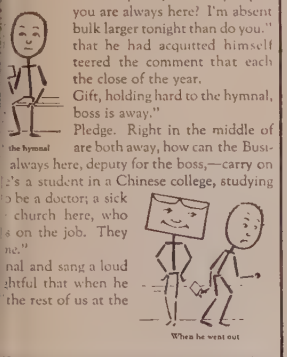
THE RIVERSIDE CHURCH NEW YORK, N.Y.

e Wins

f Mr. Pledge and Mr. Casual Gift.
beside Mr. Casual Gift in church one even-
him and said pleasantly, "Glad to see you

ly regularly, depending on my mood or the
. Casual Gift, feeling a trifle on the defen-
lf.
ded Mr. Pledge, and then ventured, "I'm

traighter, a little resentful, and wondered
not. Then he whispered, "Aren't you pat-
you are always here? I'm absent
bulk larger tonight than do you."
that he had acquitted himself
teered the comment that each
the close of the year.
Gift, holding hard to the hymnal,
boss is away."
Pledge. Right in the middle of
are both away, how can the Bust-
always here, deputy for the boss,—carry on
's a student in a Chinese college, studying
be a doctor; a sick
church here, who
s on the job. They
ne."
nal and sang a loud
htful that when he
the rest of us at the



OW OF OUR MEMBERS MADE HER GIFT THIS

"Like so many people these days, I have
no means of knowing from one month to the next
whether I shall receive any income.

The enclosed check is a gift to be spent
as I wish, it represents NOT repairing my radio,
NOT getting a new hat!

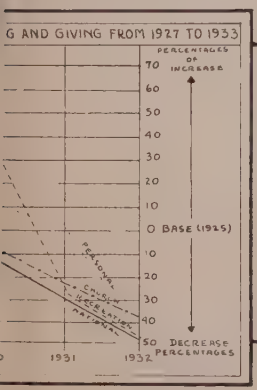
It all comes down to the game of
what can I do without?"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Based on the per capita cost of attendance
we are within two cents of being the least
expensive church reported in the United States.
Think it over !

PLEDGE MEAN CERTAINTY

1. They take the "guess work" out of finances.
We know what we can afford to spend.
2. We pay our bills promptly - We are not
"slow pay".
3. Rainy, cold Sundays, illness, travel may
cut attendance, but pledges keep income
regular.



THINK OF IT !

1901 persons are represented by
pledge or contribution in
the current year's budget.

We expect to go well
over 2000 next year.

The Riverside Church

I AGREE TO GIVE TO THE TOTAL $ ... Each Week
CHURCH BUDGET THE SUM OF $ ... Each Month
DURING THE FISCAL YEAR MAY 1, 1934, TO APRIL 30, 1935 $ ... Each Quarter
Name (Please print State if Mr., Mrs. or Miss) Date
Mailing Address
Plan No. 1 I desire the officers of The Riverside Church to divide my total subscription between Church Expenses and Benevolences as may be required. (Please indicate Yes or No.)
Plan No. 2 (See other side.)

A Newcomer to the Benevolence Budget

WHEN a police captain after years of experience in the same district says that since the establishment of an organization, juvenile delinquency has dropped thirty-five per cent in its immediate neighborhood, that surely is important news. At least that is one way of rating the work done by the Union Neighborhood Center.

The Center was born as a venture in neighborliness on the part of some Union Seminary Students who saw in this district persons who were suffering extremely from the effects of unemployment and destitution. It was thought at first that the work would only be of temporary nature, but each year has seen an increased need for it.

In the spring of 1931 the Department of Church and Community in Union Seminary made a survey of the Manhattanville District covering housing conditions, employment, social agencies at work, churches, racial distribution, crime and juvenile delinquency, recreation facilities and commercialized recreation, industries, political conditions, health, and schools. The work of the Center is based on the findings of that survey. The Survey also shows the great need for additional social work in the Manhattanville area.

The work is carried on under the direction of the Field Director's office at the Seminary and enlists the support of a staff of sixty-five voluntary and part-time leaders. A good many of these workers come from outside of the Seminary. Last year on a budget of about $2,500.00 the Center served 500 individuals and about 125 families. This low cost was undoubtedly due to the immense amount of volunteer service.

The program of the Center is divided into four phases: (1) Relief; (2) Nursery School; (3) Recreation; (4) Summer Activities. Relief is of course not on a cash basis. The Center collects clothing, distributes weekly food tickets furnished by the City Emergency Work and Relief Department, gives advice and assistance in contacting social agencies and relief committees for those in need. It has also organized the unemployed of the community in a Council which uses the Center as headquarters for its activities. The unemployed also work in exchange for some of the services furnished them.

It was found that the community was greatly in need of additional Nursery School facilities. At the suggestion of the Manhattanville Day Nursery and Teachers College, the Center added a daily Nursery School to its program. Teachers College assists by furnishing a part-time student worker. A small fee is charged those who can afford to pay which is used to buy milk for all the children.

In its recreational activities it reaches weekly 184 boys and 189 girls. The boys' groups are divided into ten clubs such as leather and wood crafts, gymnasium, discussion groups, etc. The girls sew, cook, learn to be waitresses, and practice the arts. There is also a dramatic group and piano classes.

In the summer the Center sends boys and girls to camp, organizes recreational clubs, and holds weekly parties for the neighborhood.

Several of the winter clubs use The Riverside Church gymnasium. A group of girls use our Arts and Crafts room for their weekly meetings. Practically all of our church organizations assisted the Center by small cash contributions for special needs, gifts of clothing, toys, food, etc. A number of our members also volunteer their services. The Center has now been included in our benevolence budget. This contribution is a recognition of the splendid work being done by the Center and indicates in still another area of relief work our disposition to carry a share of community responsibility.

The Employment Council Reports!

THE employment service of The Riverside Church and the Institute of Family Service (C.O.S.) completed its fourth year of operation in December, 1934. During the four-year period, 2,340 men and women filled 5,571 jobs through The Riverside Church employment service. Thirty-eight per cent of these jobs were permanent.

Applicants placed through The Riverside Church employment service have earned $420,000 during the past four years.

	Number of Placements	Earnings
1931	1,095	$66,704.00
1932	1,385	104,420.00
1933	1,606	125,850.00
1934	1,485	125,000.00*
	5,571	$421,974.00

*Actual check not complete as yet.

The active cooperation of The Riverside Church members and friends is largely responsible for this achievement. Your continued support is necessary if this work is to go on.

Fifty per cent of the employers using the service have called because of their interest in The Riverside Church.

Our employment service can supply both men and women for practically all kinds of permanent, temporary, or part-time jobs. Call Mrs. Cowley or Miss Strauss at LExington 2-0900 whenever you know of a job.

Returning Home With Honors

By Grace H. Patton

In these days Africa is quite an accessible part of our modern, close-knit world, and it is no longer thought of as a dark, never-to-be-known continent. One can travel there and back in luxurious steamers. People like Martin and Osa Johnson fly over African jungles, swoop down on unsuspecting animals and inhabitants to capture them for the movie-camera, and then come home to thrill us, and to give us our African adventures by proxy. Railroads go rumbling through remote regions of that country once thought impenetrable; airplanes take from city to city those notables who, because of the pressure of affairs of state or business, think they have not a moment to lose; and automobiles are fast becoming an accustomed sight in present-day Africa. Certain of the coast cities are as civilized and as feverish as any European capital, and one has to go far into the interior to find traces of the wild, hair-raising Africa that "Trader Horn" wrote about, or David Livingstone experienced.

But when, in 1898, Dr. Catherine Mabie, a young physician recently graduated from the Hahnemann Medical College of Chicago, set out for Africa as the field of her choice, she did not find these accessories of civilization or symbols of advancement. In those days, when tales of "darkest Africa" were vivid and blood-curdling, the young woman must have had some apprehensive moments when her imagination pictured dark-skinned savages, painted, wild-dancing warriors, cannibalistic practices, sinister sights and all the potential dangers lying in wait for the intruding and unwelcome white person. But, if she visualized such contingencies, she resolutely put them in the back of her mind, stiffened her well-controlled, medical backbone, packed up her courage along with her other possessions, and to Africa she went.

She landed in Banza Manteke, in Belgian Congo, whither she had been sent by the Baptist Foreign Mission Society as the very first woman physician they had ever entrusted to that uncertain and highly problematical territory. The young doctor found there many things she had expected to find, and some she had not. When, at her first dinner, she discovered herself placed between two stalwart, coal-black natives and realized that such close intimacy would be her regular program for the rest of her life, she had rather a bad half-hour with herself. "I must conquer this or take the next boat home," she remonstrated with her over-fastidious ego. And the fact that she is still there in the Congo after nearly forty years among the people who became increasingly dear to her shows which way the battle between the two conflicting selves eventually went.

The first conquest made by the devoted young doctor was not the last. She conquered the intricacies of the language so that she could make living among her adopted people possible and profitable. She conquered the desire—perfectly natural to any aspiring physician—to have the finest facilities and the best equipment possible so as to

DR. CATHERINE L. MABIE

make the practice of medicine a saving process. For she had to content herself with a rude wooden dispensary and a tiny nearby building with a covering of corrugated iron. There, with an African sun pouring down on the heat-conserving roof, with almost nothing in the way of a medical outfit, with no trained assistance, the young doctor started work in her "tin hospital." And, unless she some day decides to write an autobiography, no one will ever know the thoughts or inner struggles of those early years when a carefully-reared young woman had to deal, day after day, with the revolting and ravaging diseases which only amazing Africa knows how to produce.

Back in her pre-medical days in America, Dr. Mabie had been a teacher. So when, in 1911, a school for the training of Christian leaders was organized in Kimpese, she was chosen to serve on the staff, and she found herself ministering to the people of Africa by means of education as well as medication. She taught hygiene, biology, physiology, and kindred subjects to eager African students whose immediate forbears had known only native concoctions, incantations, and witchcraft as remedies for disease. She taught the students' wives the care of mothers and babies. She engaged in a wide-spread educational campaign among the village people, showing them how to escape the bite of the tsetse-fly which causes sleeping-sickness, and she patiently instructed the ignorant jungle people in the methods of dealing with small-pox, tuberculosis, dysentery, and the other uncounted diseases which make life in Africa one unending struggle for existence.

From this time on, Dr. Mabie's educational work became as important as her medical. She was a leader in all movements for improved methods of teaching her people. She had oversight of many of the village and regional schools and was a leading spirit in the formation of workable plans for their advancement. She travelled into the

interior—by means of locomotion that were the most uncertain part of a very unpredictable kind of existence—teaching, directing, examining, and encouraging. At the same time she carried on her exacting medical duties. She saw the work expand and become domiciled in a usable, more or less adequate, hospital building. She saw the growth into Christlike character of many of the people for whom she so lovingly labored. She saw an institute established for the training of medical workers, among whom was Timotia Vingadio, a promising national whom she personally trained to be her assistant. She saw the boys and girls in the various schools growing up and taking places of leadership in the Christian community. Slowly, slowly, as the years passed by, there came to pass—amid many difficulties and disappointments—results which were a satisfaction both to Dr. Mabie, by whose efforts so much of the work had been instigated, and to her colleagues in the great undertaking.

TIMOTIA VINGADIO, MEDICAL ASSISTANT TO DR. MABIE

When, just during the past year, Dr. Mabie saw a Normal School added to the "School for Pastors and Teachers," she must have realized that one's dreams do sometimes come true, if one can only hold on long enough and work with hope for a partner. For that Normal School will offer to students three years of teacher training as well as the three-year course in pastoral work. Now the educational side of the undertaking, as well as its medical and evangelistic, will be adequately cared for. That section of Belgian Congo which Dr. Mabie now beholds is quite a different place from the one which she entered years ago as a novitiate in medical missions; and visitors to the Congo as well as government officials know that much of the change has been due to the initiative and intrepidity of this American missionary doctor.

Such is the woman, laden with the honors of her profession and the gratitude of her people, whom Riverside Church takes pride in considering its

representative in far-away Africa. She has belonged to this church organization ever since Park Avenue days, and the church has been glad to give support, out of its benevolence budget, to her work. Many of the members of the Woman's Society (as well as other persons throughout the church) know Dr. Mabie personally and have often sent her White Cross supplies for her hospital work. A few years ago the women sent her an automobile to carry her on her journeys and to multiply her opportunities for ministering to her people. The car must be one of unusual virility for the doctor has to use it on atrocious dirt roads in mountainous hinterlands, and, more than once, so she writes, it has been "ferried across the Congo River lashed to two huge dugout canoes."

In 1933 Dr. Mabie was publicly honored by the Belgian Government, and the decoration of "La Croix de Chevalier de L'Order Royal du Lion" was conferred upon her by the king of Belgium. This decoration had previously been bestowed only upon men, but Dr. Mabie's outstanding services and remarkable abilities had led the government to honor her in this way.

When, in this summer of 1935, Dr. Mabie returns to us here in America, and we in The Riverside Church have a chance to salute her, we will find only a simple, unostentatious woman who goes quietly on her way. But we who know the story of her deep devotion to the cause of Christ and to the advancement of medical science in Africa, will realize that we are looking upon a person who has received royal recognition not only from the king of Belgium, but from another King under whose aegis she has labored these many years. As such we will feel all the more privileged to welcome her and to do her honor.

La Croix de Chevalier de L'Order Royal du Lion conferred upon Dr. Mabie by the King of Belgium, she being the first woman upon whom this honor has been bestowed.

Another Salute! Once more we click our heels, stand at attention, and raise our hands in salute to our modest and self-concealing Editor. Without his knowledge or consent we draw attention to the fact that he has been made President of the Greater New York Federation of Churches. On being so chosen, Dr. Carder brings honor not only to himself but to Riverside Church, which rejoices in whatever distinction comes to any member of its church family. More power to him as he takes up this new responsibility!—(G. H. P.)

THE MEN'S CLASS ANNUAL DINNER—1935

The Church Takes the People Seriously

Why Should Not the People Take the Church Seriously?

THERE are six organizations in The Riverside Church which, purely on the basis of the numbers of people with whom they are in active contact, can be considered under major headings. They are the Church School, Woman's Society, Women's Bible Class, Business and Professional Women's Club, Riverside Guild, and the Men's Class. On the opposite page we are carrying a picture taken at the thirty-eighth Annual Dinner of the Men's Class on February 5th in the Commodore Hotel. Here are nearly three hundred men at dinner. The Class is dealing with an aggregate of six hundred men in its various activities. So it is with the other organizations. When they are all added together and in turn added to the four to five thousand who attend services on each Sunday we begin to realize how the total number of people coming and going in a year here reaches a total of five hundred thousand.

We anticipate that this rather startling aggregate will lead some people to discount its significance. They realize, as we do, that there are many casual visitors each week who cannot be expected to have any serious or continuing interest in The Riverside Church. Then, too, it is obvious that in arriving at such a total we are counting every entrance to the building and not indicating how many different people are coming and going. Probably more than half of the morning congregation, for instance, are members and regular attendants who are counted many times in the course of the year.

Very well, after taking these and other considerations into account it is still very apparent that there are many hundreds of people regularly attending services here and regularly sharing in our program who are not numbered among the 1900 people who are subscribers to our budget. We frankly appeal to these particular friends. We appeal to them to give additional reality to their association with us and additional stability to our place as a church in the city and the world by doing two things, namely,

1. Become a member here if you are not otherwise identified with a New York church.

2. Become a subscriber and supporter.

Six hundred new subscribers this year will tell the church most effectively that you who worship and work here can be depended upon to do your part.

Six hundred new subscribers will mean that 600 people have decided that at one point in the hectic and fast-changing life in New York in these times they are settled, assured, anchored. Just to be definitely an accepted part of something that is reasonably established is in itself worth while and brings satisfaction in later years out of all proportion to the monetary cost. As the years slip away, and many things unfortunately slip away with them, you can be pretty well assured that your church, if you have one, will be here and will remember.

Let us have 600 new supporters this year.

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THE BUDGET AGAIN!

With what inflection did you read the above heading? If we could catch your tone of voice, the inflection, and the emphasis you place on the words THE BUDGET AGAIN we would know a great deal about your attitude toward the church and its program.

Yes, the budget is with us again, but it is not the budget for the current church year (May, 1934-May, 1935). Ponder that statement for a minute. We expect no deficit as this year closes. That is a statement well calculated to make us very humble and to give us a renewed sense of reverence in our handling of our opportunities here.

Yes, the budget is with us again in just about the same dress in which it came out last year. The total figures show very little change and the adjustments within the total have been few and unimportant. The Benevolence Budget is much less definite and detailed than has previously been the case and as will be the case again when the new approach to our missionary responsibility has been worked out more fully. Suffice it to say now that we anticipate no lessening interest on our part in the work of the Church of Christ in the world at large but believe sincerely that in focusing our future interest and participation upon specific projects, few of which have at present been indicated, we will achieve an intelligent enthusiasm and a financial support not previously possible.

As we approach the end of our fiscal year we would heartily thank our supporters for having stood by. Again we say simply that you who come and go here and who look upon this as your church home give point, power, and reality to a building, to a voice, and to a program.

The Riverside Church

CHURCH SUPPORT EXPENSES

MAY 1, 1935—APRIL 30, 1936

Ministerial Staff (Salaries, Expenses and Special Services)		$37,370.00
Music, Organ, Choir and Carillon		31,330.00
Religious Education:		
Church School	$15,890.00	
Physical Education Program	500.00	
Arts and Crafts	775.00	
Women's Bible Class*	775.00	
Men's Class*	400.00	18,340.00
Woman's Society*		360.00
Business and Professional Women's Club*		130.00
Riverside Guild*		400.00
Ministerial Staff Secretaries		9,450.00
Business Offices (Salaries for Administration, Secretarial, Stenographic, Bookkeeping and Clerical Staff, Sunday Calendars, Telephone, Printing, Postage, etc.)		28,255.00
Building Maintenance and Operation (Salaries for Building and Engineering Staffs, Light, Heat, Power, Supplies, etc.)		81,340.00
Advertising		2,000.00
Water Tax		500.00
Insurance (Fire Insurance on Building, Organ, Furniture, etc., Stained Glass Windows, Public Liability, Workmen's Compensation, etc.)		7,000.00
General Expenses		4,525.00
		$221,000.00

Sources of Prospective Income

Anticipated Plate Collections	$19,000.00	
Income from established memorials, repayment of expense for sight-seeing service, and other expense coverage to be credited against the total Church Support Expenses	88,385.00	107,385.00
Total to be Raised from Pledges		$113,615.00

*Additional funds are raised by the organization itself to meet its full budget.